THE

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XX. FEBRUARY, 1877. No. 10.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED AT THE INSTITUTION, 155, 157, 159 WORTH STREET.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS K. JESUP, President. GEORGE F. BETTS, Secretary.

HUGH N. CAMP, Treasurer.

FREDERICK G. FOSTER,	A. VAN RENSSELAER,
CHARLES ELY,	CHARLES LANIER,
D. LYDIG SUYDAM,	DAVID S. EGLESTON.

INCORPORATORS.

MORRIS K. JESUP,	GEORGE F. BETTS,	HUGH N. CAMP,
FREDERICK G. FOSTER,	D. LYDIG SUYDAM,	A. VAN RENSSELAER,
CHARLES ELY,	WILLIAM W. MALI,	MARSHALL LEFFERTS,
O. HARRIMAN,	J. H. EARLE,	HIRAM BARNEY,
WM. SMITH BROWN,	D. WILLIS JAMES,	J. J. GOODWIN,
W. E. CALDWELL,	G. H. MORGAN,	C. B. TATHAM,
DAVID S. EGLESTON,	L. M. PEASE,	W. R. VERMILYE,
WILLIAM T. BOOTH,	JOHN SLOANE,	WM. A. CAULDWELL.
ARTHUR J. PEABODY,	CHARLES LANIER,	R. A. WITTHAUS,
DORMAN B. EATON,	WILLIAM W. ASTOR,	CHARLES S. SMITH.

WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.
Children's Service—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the Five Points House of Industry, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854.) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

AVERY CLASSIC

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY, 1877. NO. 10.

REMINISCENCE.

If the same custom which is observed in society, of celebrating the anniversaries of marriage, were appropriate in noting years of service in an Institution, we should celebrate this month our tin wedding, for it is ten years ago that we commenced our services in connection with the House of Industry. We well remember our feeling, when first we came, that we should probably not tarry longer than a year or two, and as we look back on the half-score years it is with something of wonder at the quick flight of time. If we could measure the effect of the influence exerted here we should like it, but, as we cannot, we have faith that the appeals, the instruction, the influences, exerted for the past ten years have not been without effect. During these years 10,000 children have been in our day-school, and when we regard so large an army of little ones, we feel, even more than ever, the vast responsibility of the oversight. The first three years of our service was as Assistant Superintendent, while for nearly seven years we have had charge of the Institution. That we have often been conscious of our weakness we freely admit, that we wish we could have done our work better we are most earnestly impressed, but we have the assurance of our heart that we have conscientiously performed our duties as we understood them. Self has been second in many points

when our friends have thought it ought to have been first, but we are satisfied that a hearty discharge of the duties of the position we occupy must necessarily bring upon the incumbent many uncomfortable and unpleasant experiences. We lived in the Institution with our family until within three years, when it became a question whether we should give up the work or have a respite, and the latter was decided upon, so that now three nights a week we seek entire change of atmosphere at our home in Newark, N. J. Looking back at the wonderful change in the locality, and remembering also the remarkable change in the people, we thank the Lord for the privilege we have had of working for him in his vineyard among the poor at the Five Points.

"CAN'T HELP IT."

That was what Bert always said when any one blamed him for his careless ways.

Susie came in one morning. "Oh Bert!" she sobbed, "when you fed the rabbits you left the door unlatched, and they came out and ran all over my garden, and they have ruined my best plants."

"Did they?" he said; "I'm real sorry, Sue; but I can't help it; I meant to shut the door, and I thought I did."

But poor Sue started for school with a very tearful face.

"Bert!" called his mother after he had caught the rabbits, "there is a very stormy-looking cloud in the south; you and Susie had better stay this noon; your lunch is in front of the pantry window." So Bert put it in a tin-pail, and how nice it did look, to be sure: biscuit and cold tongue, and sponge cake, and two little apple-turnovers.

"Here comes Bert, just in time to pitch for us," cried the ball-players, as he neared the school-house. He sat the pail on the ground, and ran to his place.

"Hadn't you better leave it on the fence?" suggested one of the boys.

"No; it's all right," he said; but a hungry dog came up behind them, and when the bell rang, nothing was left but the inside of the turnovers; for Bert had hurried away in the morning without waiting for the cover.

"Won't Sue be provoked, though?" he said to himself, but I can't help it. Mr. Maloney ought not to starve his dog so."

The rain came, and at night he went into the kitchen to change his muddy shoes. He kicked them off, and one flew across the room into a basket of clean clothes, just folded for ironing. Every article it touched would have to be washed over.

"Oh, dear! that's too bad, Bridget," he said; "but I can't help it; I never once thought of its flying so far."

"Can't help it!" muttered the indignant Bridget; "you mane that you don't help it."—*Congregationalist.*

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Oh, she's a flower!—within her home
So dainty-sweet, so gently growing,
That every day, new petaled blooms
To our delighted eyes are showing.

And she is a bird!—for in her voice
The tiny music-tones are hiding,
Whene'er she speaks, they just peep out
And gayly call, our fond search guiding.

And she is a star!—her bright, pure eyes
Are beaming in their azure setting
With grave, reproving, mild surprise,
At all our worldly wise forgetting.

And she is a blessing!—ere she came,
Our boys were rough and often ready
For cruel sports, but now, they're tame;
Dear little Eve has made them steady

Is she an angel?—Ah, no, I say,—
I'd rather think the angels brought her,
For their strong wings can fly away;
And we would keep our little daughter.

—*Mary Standish Robinson, in Springfield Republican*

WHAT A CHANGE.

The official announcement has gone forth that the Five Points is no longer in need of near association with a police station, and the station known as the 6th precinct has been abolished. In 1845 the station was established in Franklin St., and in close proximity to the Five Points. That there was abundant need of it, is evident from the facts of the history of this locality. When the "Dead Rabbits" and other organizations of roughs abounded here, and when even life was of no account, if money could be had for the killing, it was well that policemen were near at hand. "Such a state of affairs must not continue and these wretched people must be reached," said Christian philanthropy, and Mr. Pease appeared upon the scene, in 1850, to set at work influences which would, sooner or later, change the condition of things. The Gospel, carried by sanctified common-sense, soon began to have effect, and when it was found that the missionary had come to stay, and that no threat, no matter how severe, could stop the work, the inevitable was acknowledged, and slowly but sureley the work was extended, by various organizations, until the conversion of some to Christ, the dispersion of others to other localities, and the march of business to occupy the land, compelled the entire change of the former Five Points reputation. Now the near station of the police department can be dispensed with, and, as we have it from the authorities that there is no need of its further continuance, we must be convinced that our Five Points of years ago is a thing of the past. We are not at all sorry and our friends who have helped us in the work here will be grateful to know that it has brought forth good fruit.

NFSTC
HV
885
.N5
F59
v.20-no.10
(1927-Feb)

LITTLE WHITE APRON.

LITTLE white apron, little red shoe,
What in the world has become of you?
Look for her; search for her, high and low!
Where in the world could the baby go?

Little white apron, little blue dress,
O you have made a terrible mess;
Out in the dirt, up to your eyes,
With blackamoor Tom, making mud pies.

—*Selected*

MY BABIES IN PRAYER-TIME.

I THINK I should feel easier about my two youngsters—aged respectively a year and a half and three years—if I could account for their wickedness upon natural principles. But how on earth such ancestry as theirs—two long rows of unspotted deacons and ministers—could ever produce two such little imps is quite beyond me. All the wild oats that have been smothered under white ties for a couple of centuries have cropped out in my two boys; and all I have to say is, 'tis very hard on me. I have borne with them until patience is no longer a virtue; and now I bring them up before the religious public for discipline. Solomon says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child;" but he was a wise old gentleman not to commit himself any further. What would he have us do if after an unsparing use of the rod the child is still spoiled? From the time my small men step out of their respective cribs in the morning till they tumble into them at night our house is one "scene of confusion and creature complaints." One eternal howl, rising and falling, changing from sad to gay, from mad to repentant, but never dying away till the little eyes are closed and the fat fists punched into the pillow for the night.

We always have morning prayers in the sitting-room. There, in front of the blazing fire, are two great easy-chairs, dubbed respectively, "the big bear's chair" and "the middle-sized bear's chair." Then there are two crickets for the "little bears." After we have had our breakfast, and the two youngsters have eaten a miraculous quantity of oatmeal, they know that the next thing on the programme is to go into the sitting-room and seat ourselves for "prayers." So they start pell-mell, trip over one another, and sprawl headlong, one on top of the other, through the doorway. The upper one pounds the under one, and the under one roars and howls. Then we sit down, in which process the baby is always sure to come short of his cricket, and sit down a little to one side, with a thump and a roar. Then each must have some sort of a book for a Bible. Baby prefers "Keble's Christian Year," because it has a red cover, whilst Charles has a leaning to "Wild Sports in the Far West," because now and again he can steal a peep at the bloodthirsty engravings. We are about to commence. *Paterfamilias* looks solemn. "Charles," he says, "if you are not a good boy papa will have to punish you after prayers." Charles looks awe-struck, and baby's lip quivers. We all feel solemn enough to commence. We have read a dozen verses and the children still sit motionless. I fall to thinking what a beautiful thing it is to have the little ones worship with us. Their memories may treasure up words that are empty now, but in after years may be full of meaning. We read a few more verses. Bless me? The crickets and their owners have disappeared. They have "hitched" along noiselessly, and are punching one

another behind the desk. A few more verses, and they crawl around behind my chair, tandem-fashion. "Children," I say, in an agonized whisper, "go back, go back ; don't you remember what papa said?" But they are deaf to remonstrance, and the next thing they do is to get the tongs and poker and beat the loudest kind of reveille on the coal-scuttle. "Children," I fairly shout, "go back to your seats this instant." They go, and we all kneel down for the prayer. They are worse than ever. Baby turns Methodist, and his reponses come near drowning the prayer. Charles finds a pin, and is about to stick it into baby's leg when I restrain him. Then they both stand upon their crickets and make a simultaneous dive for the depths of my easy-chair, nearly knocking me into the fire. Next they pull off their father's slippers, and are about to commit assault and battery on him. Just then he says, "Our Father, who art in heaven." They recognize that phrase as "the beginning of the end," and the transformation is wonderful. Little heads are bent and hands folded decorously, and in that attitude they remain for a full minute after we are on our feet, as proof positive that they have been "good." We hold a family council as to the degree of badness that merits a whipping, and end with giving them a solemn lecture and a free pardon.

We entertained a minister, not long since, for a week. Of course, he conducted prayers, and I said, apologetically, that I hoped the children did not disturb him. Poor man! Like George W., he could not tell a lie. So he blushed, and said they did distract him a little, but he hoped he should be able not to notice it.

Cannot any one who reads this tale of woe suggest a remedy? I appeal to those who have no children—their theories are always best—to tell me what to do.—*A Clergyman's Wife, in Christian Union.*

We copy from the *Dundee Advertiser*, of Scotland, part of a letter on America, referring to the visit here of a Scotch gentleman, in which we are sure our friends will be interested :

The second Institution I visited was the Five Points House of Industry, a large Industrial School for the young waifs and strays of New York—the majority of them very young. Five Points was formerly one of the worst parts of New York, full of a profligate, criminal, and dangerous class. The religious and philanthropic made it an object of special attention and effort, and by the aid of schools and mission churches have worked a great change for the better upon it. The benefits arising from the Five Points House of Industry have been such that it's school has been recently adopted as part of the educational system of the city, and receives an appropriation from the City Funds, while remaining practically under the charge of its original promoters. In every department there are evidences of the care bestowed on the health and comfort of the children, while their mental and moral training is conducted with great success by the teachers. At the request of the President, I gave the little ones a short description of the most striking things I had seen in America, and was rewarded by their eager attention.

THE BROKEN DOLL.

Blue eyes, with their long, dark lashes
Half veiled in a tearful mist,
And O, such a pitiful quiver
On the sweet little mouth I kissed;
'Twas only a childish sorrow,
And yet how keen was the smart,
As she held up her precious dolly,
Broken,—the pride of her heart!

In my arms I folded her closely
As I whispered with confident smile,
"Dont't cry, dear, I'll soon have it mended;"
But her tears fell faster the while,
And she sobbed. "O, thank you, dear auntie,
But that wont do, for you see
If you mended it ever so nicely
It would always be patched-up to me!"

She had spoken, that sorrowful baby,
A deeper truth than she knew,
And I thought (with her head on my shoulder)
Of its meanings as sad as true:
I thought of the shattered treasures
We pride in maturer years,
Of the hopes, the loves, and the friendships
We mourn with such bitter tears.

I thought how we gathered the fragments
With labor as fond as 'twas vain,
Just to find that the marks of the mending
Could change all our pleasure to pain:
Just to learn that the patched-up treasure
Could never be precious again;
And I sighed as I thought of the heart-aches
Our broken dolls left in their train!

Ah me! what a dismal story
Our lives would tell at the best,
If, content with our fair, frail playthings,
We made them our stay or our rest;
If we looked not above for our treasures,
Unshadowed by time or decay;
And this is the lesson our Father
Is teaching us day by day!

—*E. T. C., in Christian at Work.*

For years the Baptist Church at Benton Centre, which was under the pastoral care of the Rev, A. C. Mallory, has regularly contributed of material goods, while, at the same time, the good people have cared, spiritually, for quite a number of our former *proteges* who have settled among them. The good pastor, who removed to Covert, N. Y., is still interested for us, sent us recently a package from the Baptist Church there, and the Benton Church, through its new pastor, Rev. T. S. Hill, sent us a package. We are grateful for such continued interest.

We have before said that a part of our pay comes from the good-will expressed in notes and so share with our readers the following as samples of our words of cheer:

West Camden, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1877.

William F. Barnard, Esq.:

Dear Sir—One week ago to-day my sister, Mrs. Fargo, and myself, sent you a box of bedding, clothing, etc., but I don't know as it has left our station yet as our road (Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburgh) received orders from the New York Central not to send them any freight at present, on account of the snow blockade. My husband and myself visited your institution last fall and were very much interested in your work, and wish we could do more, and may, at some future time.

Yours truly, Mrs. A. S. Gibson.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Jan. 21, 1877.

MR. BARNARD:

Dear Sir—Please send me the RECORD for the coming year, beginning at this month. We have had the RECORD in our family for many years, and always felt deeply interested in the mission it represented. Its discontinuance was unavoidable, although the interest in your Christian work was never lost.

Yours respectfully, A. JOHNSON.

KEENE, N. H., Jan. 22, 1877.

MR. BARNARD:

Dear Sir—In last RECORD I see that "Yet we Want," and my sister desires me to send $5 in her name, which is Miss Jennie E. Ball, Keene, N. H. With a heart full of sympathy for you in your great and noble work.

Yours respectfully, J. B. THAYER.

LIVING IN THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

I WAS once expounding the seventh and eighth of Romans to a class of colored Bible women, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant, as I supposed, in their heads. It was before I had learned this blessed secret I have been trying to tell you, and what I said I cannot possibly imagine now, but it was certainly something very different from my present position. After I had been talking quite eloquently for a little while, an old colored woman interrupted me with—

"Why, honey, 'pears like you don't understand them chapters."

"Why not, aunty?" I asked. "What is the matter with my explanation?"

"Why, honey," she said, "you talk as if we were to live in that miserable seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth."

"Well, I answered, "that is just what I do think. Don't you?"

"Laws, honey," she exclaimed, with a look of intense pity for my ignorance; "why, I lives in the eighth."

I knew it was true, for I had often wondered at the holiness of her lowly life, and for a moment I was utterly bewildered. But then, I thought, "Oh! it is because she is colored and poor, that God has given her such a grand experience to make up." And I almost began to wish I was colored and poor that I also might have the same experience. But, I rejoice to say to you to-day that, even if you are white and not poor, that you may know what it is to abide in Christ, and to rejoice in all the blessedness of such abiding.—*Hannah Smith.*

THERE will not be *a tear* in heaven—there will not be *a smile* in hell; there will be *no weeping* in the former, and *nothing but weeping* in the latter.—Rev xxi. 4; Luke xiii. 28.

HUMILITY is a grace not merely *ornamental* but *essential*—not what *may be* in the Christian, but what *must be*.—1 Pet. v. 5. 6.

NAMING THE CHICKENS.

THERE were two little chickens hatched out by one hen,
And the owner of both was our little boy Ben:
So he set him to work, as soon as they came,
To make them a house and find them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well
That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil
Must be handy at tools for he'd been to college,
Where boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother
Had a nice cosy home for his chicks and their mother;
And a happier boy in the country just then
Could not have been found than our dear little Ben.

But a *name* for his pets it was harder to find,
At least such as suited exactly his mind;
No mother of twins was ever more haunted
With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that,
But a name that would do for a dog or a cat
Would not answer for chickens so pretty as these;
Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;
To name them so young would be only a bother,
But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben,
"I want *this* one a *rooster* and *that* one a *hen*."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot
On the head of the one that the other had not:
They grew up like magic, each fat feathered chick,
One at length was named Peggy and the other named Dick.

Benny watched them so closely not a feather could grow,
In the dress of those chickens that he did not know;
And he taught them so well they would march at command,
Fly up on his shoulder or eat from his hand.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names,
Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims,
"Oh mother; Oh Phil! such a blunder there's been,
For *Peggy's* the *rooster* and *Dick* is the *hen!*"

—*Mrs. L. B. Bacon, in Christian Union.*

THERE will be tears shed in many hundreds of households for the death of Mr John Habberton's little boy "Toddie," with whose winning ways all of us have become lovingly familiar in the pages of "Helen's Babies." His bright young life, with its joyousness and its promise, ended suddenly last Tuesday; and we utter the thought of all persons who have read of him and his pretty ways when we say that we mourn for him heartily and sincerely. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

We are frequently asked of the whereabouts of the founder of the House of Industry, and our friends will doubtless be glad to know that he is still alive and active, as the following letter will indicate. That he is idle no one who knows him would for a moment suppose, and that his heart is as warm as ever toward the little ones, is also as sure, and so we are not surpised that he is hard at work for the benefit of the poor children of the South. We wish him God-speed :

Ashville, N. C., Jan. 21, 1877.

My Dear Friend Barnard :

I think of you often, desire for you much, and write to you seldom. I know at this season you must have your house, hands, and heart full, and your treasury empty. I pity you, unless your sympathies have become seared, as with a hot iron, and even then you would be a two-fold object of pity. I wish I had means to help you, but I have not. There is a work for all I can do here, and a demand for every dollar I can get or command. On Friday last, while conversing with a company of gentlemen, I was assured by them all that the poor, friendless children of this section, and there are many of them, really fare worse than the cattle, or even the slaves before set at liberty. For the great purposes of life, the poor white children of the South are really far below the same class in New York. We have occasionally here the regular clay-eater, whom, to look at, you could scarcely believe human.

I am now building a Home for neglected and orphan children. With hammer and trowel, or plane, I work every day for its completion. For this purpose I have given my property here, worth ten thousand dollars, and build the house. The one now in process of erection will accommodate eighty children besides my own family and necessary employees. We apply at this session of the legislature for an act of incorporation. Please send me, by return mail, the act of incorporation of the Five Points House of Industry.

Yours truly, L. M. Pease.

We can conceive of no higher tribute of praise than the following, which we cut from the *N. Y. Evening Post*, in reference to a beloved sister-in-law of the President of our Board of Trustees :

THE TRUE SISTER OF CHARITY.

The funeral of Mrs. Anna Beach Jesup, from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, yesterday afternoon, was attended by a large concourse of mourning relatives and friends. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hall, and Dr. Brinsmade of Newark. In his adress Dr. Hall eloquently described the duties of a Christian woman as so beautifully illustrated in the life of Mrs. Jesup, "a true sister of charity, where duty began in her own household and extended to the households of the poor, to whom she devoted her life in the active benevolence of teaching them to labor for their own support."

OLD SAWS RESET.

As poor as a church mouse,
As thin as a rail;
As fat as a porpoise,
As rough as a gale;
As brave as a lion,
As spry as a cat;
As bright as a sixpence,
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,
As sly as a fox;
As mad as a March hare,
As strong as an ox;
As fair as a lily,
As empty as air;
As rich as Crœsus,
As cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel,
As neat as a pin;
As smart as a steel trap,
As ugly as sin;
As dead as a door nail,
As white as a sheet;
As flat as a pancake,
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,
As black as your hat;
As mean as a miser,
As blind as a bat;
As brown as a berry,
As full as a tick;
As plump as a partridge,
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a berry,
As dark as a pall;
As hard as a millstone,
As bitter as gall;
As fine as a fiddler,
As clear as a bell;
As dry as a herring,
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather,
As hard as a rock;
As stiff as a poker,
As calm as a clock;
As green as a gosling,
As brisk as a bee;
And now let me stop
Lest you weary of me.

—*Boston Gazette.*

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKYS.

What "happy-go-luckys" those children, Sara and Allie and Frankie, were. They had so many funny things happen to them, and this I have to tell you was one of the funniest.

It is possible there may be some other little children in a family somewhere having these very same names, and if there are they will laugh when they see them in this story, I guess.

These children lived in a great white house on the top of the hill, with big trees all around it full of birds' nests and singing leaves; and up and down the walks were lovely flowers. Their mamma had taught them to love all such beautiful things, because the good God gave them to be loved—so the little ones handled the sweet flowers very tenderly and never broke them nor trampled on them.

They had a pretty play-room up at the head of the back-stairs, but when it was pleasant they liked a great deal better to be out of doors in the great yard, where the barn and carriage-house were, and where Mrs. Cackle kept house up in one corner, I could tell you a great many stories about their play-room, and a very funny one about Mrs. Cackle, but I have another one for this time.

All you who are children now know that one of these days you will be housekeepers; and when your mammas are busy washing windows and paint, taking up carpets, taking down pictures and brushing the walls, and are up to their elbows in suds, besides ever so many other busy kinds of things, you will know

that all this means house-cleaning, and are things that every neat person has to have done. That's what *their* mamma was doing when Allie and Sarah and Frank were out playing one day.

Oh, what a bright day it was. The air was very soft, and the leaves in the trees were dancing and singing a merry tune. The grass was so green on the hill, with the little yellow buttercups peeping up through it and winking their bright eyes, that the children sat right down in it, to "have a talk," they said. *You* don't know how they *could* talk! They were very fond of "making up stories," and if I should tell you the story that little Frankie told that day I know you would laugh. You see he used to hear his sisters tell them, and the dear mite of a fellow thought he could "make up" one as well as they. It was such a very little one that I guess I will tell you. He looked straight up into the sky, and says he:

"I see a horse's head coming through the clouds, and he's got gold eyes and gold spots all over him!"

Sara and Allie rolled in the grass, it made them laugh so, but Frankie didn't care a bit. So they talked till Sara spied a carpet their mamma had been having shaken, and it was all clean and nice. A cunning thought came into her wise little head, but she couldn't do anything with it unless Allie and Frank would help her. But they liked her plan so much when she told them, that up they all jumped and started for the carpet. The hill was in their papa's grounds, and they often ran up and down it, and in winter many a nice coast did they have there on their sleds.

It was pretty steep and quite long, and at the bottom of it there was what they called a *hummock*, because when they coasted down and got as far as that they always bumped right off their sleds, and it was fine fun.

Now just see what these "happy-go-luckys" did. They all took hold and dragged the carpet as well as they could to the starting-point of the sleds in winter, and then with their little chubby hands they spread it out.

"Now," said Sarah, "let's get into this carpet and roll down hill!" Did you ever hear anything more crazy than that?

So they lay down in it, side by side, with their curly heads out near to one edge, and then Sara took the end and folded it over them. Then Allie said, when they were all fixed:

"Now wait a minute, and when I say, 'Three' we'll start."

So she began to count "One, two, three!" and at the same instant they all threw themselves just a little and off they went! Round and round them wound the carpet, tighter and tighter it folded them in, faster and faster did this precious heap roll, till it went with the speed of the wind.

O! what would their mamma have said could she have known that her darlings were done up tighter than a vice in her parlor-chamber carpet, and that it and they were gone on such a journey!

Down, down the long hill, the buttercups raising their wounded heads to see what had hurt them, and the blades of grass stretching out as long as they could, as the bright heap passed over them! Down, down, and thicker and faster and tighter did the huge bundle grow! Down, down, to the hummock, and there, with a big bump, it stopped!

The wisest thing about it all was that the "happy-go-luckys" had put their foolish heads near to the edge, for if they hadn't, I never should have lived to tell you about it. They would have all been smothered.

As it was, they went so quick, and had such funny feelings while they were going, that they never made a sound, but just shut their poor little eyes till they felt the bump on the hummock, and then Allie opened hers and looked around, but all she could see was Frankie's scared eyes looking into hers! and not one of them could move a hair, they were fastened in so tight!

What was to be done? They knew they had done wrong, but there they were, and there was the carpet at the foot of the hill. At that minute they would have given anything and everything they had in the world if they could only be back again among the buttercups, telling stories!

They were in great pain, for they were not side by side now, but all in a bunch, and it would be hard to say which was the under one!

At last they began to cry, and in a few minutes, James, the groom, heard them and started to find out who was hurt. It was some time before he could tell where the sounds came from; but, by and by, seeing that strange-looking *something* at the foot of the hill, he ran down to the hummock, and there, sure enough, were three little curly, foolish heads, sticking out from the edge of the carpet!

It didn't take him many minutes to unroll them and get them out to the air —and they had to take a good many long breaths before they could get the squeeze out! James had to carry poor little Frankie up the hill to his mamma, while Sara and Allie walked very demurely, hanging their heads and wishing very much that they hadn't got to tell how silly and naughty they had been.

But when their mamma saw the plight they were in, she forgave them, for she rightly thought they were punished enough.

James went down and dragged back the carpet, and, as he passed by, the yellow buttercups nodded to each other, as much as to say, "I don't believe those 'happy-go-luckys' will try *that* again very soon!" And I don't believe they ever will; indeed, I *know* they didn't; but after that, they always looked upon their mamma's parlor-chamber carpet as a curious sort of a carriage, in which they had, once upon a time, had the queerest and the quickest ride they ever took in all their lives!—*Mary P. Colburn, in Christian Union.*

Those parents run the risk of losing their children who put aside their trivial questions as of no consequence. An interrogation point symbolizes the life of childhood. "Why?" and "What?" are the keys with which it unlocks the treasury of the world. The boy's numberless questions often seem trivial, but the wise parent will never turn them off unanswered, if he can help it. It is his rich opportunity of teaching. He is met half way, and there is all the difference between impressing the truth on an eager mind and an uninterested one. The little fellow, helping you at your work, and spearing you with endless questions, may learn as much in half an hour there as in a week when his body is a prisoner in a school room, and his thoughts are out of doors.

—*Selected.*

THE BABY FOR ME.

I HAVE heard about angels angelic,
With a heavenly look in their eyes,
And hair like the sunbeams of morning
When first they appear in the skies,
And smiles like the smiles of a cherub,
And mouths like the buds of a rose
And themselves like the lilies and daisies
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby's the jolliest baby
That any one ever did see;
There's nothing angelic about him,
But he's just the right baby for me!
His smile's not at all like a cherub's.
But rather a comical grin;
And his hair—well, it favors the sunbeams
When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though they're blue, like the heavens,
Are remarkably earthly with fun;
And his mouth's rather large for a rosebud,
Unless 'twere a half-opened one
His hands don't resemble a fairy's
In the least. They're a strong little pair,
As you'd think, I'm sure, if he'd got you,
As oft he gets me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily,
Or any sweet blossom that grows,
For no flower on earth, I'm certain,
Has a dear little cunning pug nose.
He's *himself*—full of mischief, the darling,
And naughty as naughty can be;
And I'm glad that he isn't angelic,
For he's just the right baby for me!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

OUR hearts have been cheered recently by the gifts of quite a number of little people, and we are always particularly touched by "Children's work for children," and so pleased are we that we want to share a few letters with our readers:

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Dec. 19, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. BARNARD:

You have heard, by Mr. B., what we are doing in our mission-school for the "Five Points," we were somewhat disappointed that he should write you of our proceedings, as we wished it to be a Christmas surprise, he did not know that, however. I wish very much that I could see you and *tell* you of so many little, pleasing incidents in connection with our preparation of these articles. First, you must know that, with one or two exceptions, this is the work of our mill operatives, girls who work until half-past six in the evening, five days in the week, some even that were unable to give anything but their sewing, still all have enjoyed it, and it has done good; they are interested in doing for those not as well off as themselves. I have told them that, aside from what they had already enjoyed, I so much wished they could all go and see for themselves.

You will find some of the clothing not cut or put together in the most approved manner, but you will, I know, make all due allowance for such; I attended to as much of it as I was able to. Will you notice a package in a brown paper, of two shirts and two night-dresses, they were made and given by a colored servant-girl, named Helen Lloyd—ar n't they very nice? Of course we think they all deserve great credit, but Miss W. has been very untiring in her efforts to increase the quantity sent.

Now, as the next best thing to seeing the children, we want to see *you*. I have told them that you expected to be here this winter, is it asking too much, that, if possible, you spend a Sabbath in town and come up and see our school. We think it would pay! *Come and see.*

Yours hastily, MRS. ZENO RUSSELL.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1877.

Mr. Wm. F. Barnard :

Dear Sir—I enclose five (5) dollars for the children of the Five Points House of Industry. I also send with it, by American Express, a box containing clothing, books, and toys. Both the money and box are the gift of four little girls who have saved the pennies and made the skirts, during the past few months. Please acknowledge in the Record, both box and check, as from "Four Little Friends," Tarrytown, N. Y. I enclose what I suppose will be sufficient to pay the express. Truly yours, Miss A. D. C.

Burdett, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1876.

Mr. Barnard :

We send you what we have with cheerful hearts, hoping it will do you much good, we are trying to do what we can for you. Our hearts are full of joy when we see this box go forth. We are school-mates together, and I trust, love each other dearly, and we find out each other's hearts by these offerings. We are very much interested in the bright face of the little German girl, and you will find a bundle of clothing for her in the box in return for her picture. With my best wishes I remain your loving friend,

Mary L. Reynolds,
President of Young Girls' Society.

UP STAIRS.

Watching at eve by the window,
Till I had gathered in sight,
Shouting and toddling to meet me,
Patting her hands with delight ;
Hugging and kissing me sweetly,
Lips like the rosiest dew ;
Running away then and calling,
"I'll be up stairs before you."

Often at twilight I linger,
Waiting in silence to hear
One little voice gently calling,
Two little feet patter near ;
Then on my heart sadly echo
Words that, alas! were so true—
While her dear arms clung round me—
"I'll be up stairs before you."

—*Selected.*

THE SUNDAY SERVICES

are still regularly maintained in our Chapel each week, at 3 1-2 o'clock. The sight of our little ones is, we feel, an impressive one, and we frequently have compliments concerning their appearance. The following appeared recently in the *N. Y. Herald :*

LITTLE ONES SINGING.

SERVICE OF SONG AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

A service of song was held in the hall of the Five Points house of Industry yesterday afternoon. Nearly 300 boys and girls, including those living in the home and a number from outside, filed into the hall and took their places on the platform. The exercises were opened by singing one verse of the doxology

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," to the tune of Old Hundred. After this came a recitation, by all, of the Apostles' Creed, and then followed a number of hymns and Sunday School tunes which were exceedingly well sung. Everything was learned by heart, and the children showed that they had been well and patiently trained. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commadments were recited, and a Scriptural psalm was alternately read by the Superintendent and recited by the children — that is, the Superintendent would read one verse and the children recite the next.

Both in the singing and the recitations the girls showed themselves more proficient than the boys. Everything was done in the utmost order, and the children arose from their seats and sat down again, turned round and went through other movements at given signals from the piano. After the exercises were over the children marched into the supper-room, when they received a large slice of bread, a cup of milk, and a big piece of gingerbread. Their healthy appearance and happy faces betokend good care on the part of their protectors. A large number of visitors were present, and during the exercises a collection was taken up. The Superintendent announced that donations of money, food, or clothing would be thankfully received. The Five Points House of Industry is doing a good work and ought to be encouraged.

Money Received for Record, from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1877.

Brown, Mrs. W. W., Buffalo, N. Y.	$1 25	Hoyt, Mrs. Seymour, Stamford, Ct.	$1 00
Burnett, Mrs. Smith, Newark, N. J.	1 00	Johnson, A., Newburyport, Mass.	1 00
Cairns, Mrs. F., Medford, Mass.	1 00	Porter, Mrs. Jonathan, Hatfield, Mass.	1 00
Cole, George H., Cornwall, Ct.	1 00	Randall, W. H., Mystic River, Ct.	1 00
Cowles, Mrs. Alpheus, Hatfield, Mass.	1 00	Russell, Mrs. E. R., Montague, Mass.	1 00
Dickinson, Miss Abbie, Hatfield, Mass.	1 00	Smith, Mrs. Dr. Joseph M.	2 00
Graves, Mrs. Solomon, Hatfield, Mass.	1 00	Swain, Misses S. B. and M. P., Nantucket,	1 00
Howell, Mrs. B. H., Brooklyn	1 00	Spaulding, Mrs., So. Coventry, Ct.	1 00

Money Received from Jan. 1 to Feb. 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city, are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

A. B. C.	$100 00	Blake, C. H., Winsted, Ct.	$ 5 00
B., J. L.	30 00	Blind woman in E. Pembroke, N. Y.	25
B., S.	200 00	C., John Jr.	100 00
B., W. S.	50 00	C. & Co.	15 00
Ball, Miss Jennie E., Keene, N. H	5 00	Cash	50 cts, 10 cts.
Baptist Church, Benton Centre, N. Y.	2 10	Class No. 5, 2d U. P. Church, Allegheny City, Pa.	5 00
Beers, Mrs. G. D., Ithaca, N. Y.	10 00		

Copcutt, J., Yonkers, N. Y.	$ 12 00
D., J. D.	25 00
D., M. D.	25 00
D., Mrs. S. J.	10 00
Edwards, Rev. Geo. L., Windsor, Mass.,	2 00
E., J. M., for out-door poor	2 00
Ellsworth, Miss Lucy, W. Hartford, Ct..	5 00
Four Little Friends, Tarrytown, N. Y....	5 00
Fowler, E., Bernardsville, N. Y.	1 00
Friend, through Mr. Ely	1 00
Friend	2 00
Friends, Hatfield, Mass	26 25
Gray, Mrs. N., Oakland, Cal.	5 00
H., Mrs. F. W.	10 00
Hale, Mrs. R., Aurora, N. Y.	2 00
Hale, Mrs. S. W., Newburyport, Mass...	25 00
Hoyt, Mrs. Seymour, Stamford, Ct.	5 00
Jackson, Julia, legacy of, through Rev. Dr. C. E. Phelps, Exec., New Brunswick, N. J.	10 00
Lawrence, Augusta K., New Boston, N. H.	1 00
Lyons	20 00
Miller Brothers	$ 5 00
Moorehouse, A., Hillsdale, N. Y.	100 00
Otis, Elizabeth, Sherwood, N. Y.	5 00
Phillips, Mrs. M. A., Washington, D. C.	10 00
Phœnix, Delavan, Wis.	2 00
Reed, Com. A. V., Washington, D. C...	5 00
Ross, D., Leith, Canada	5 23
Ross, D., Leith Ca., prem. on gold	87
S., Mrs. C. L.	200 00
S., Mrs. C. P., for special cases	10 00
S., Mrs. Dr. J. M.	5 00
S , Mrs. Jas.	25 00
Smith, Chas. W., Cooperstown, N. Y....	10 00
Sunday Collection, Jan. 7th	7 86
" " " 14th	8 59
" " " 21st	12 63
" " " 28th	4 13
T., Miss C. A.	10 00
Tithes, Somerville, N. J.	50
Underwood, Rev. Mr., Irvington, N. J..	1 00
W., Miss E. P.	50 00
Well-wisher, Greenfield, Mass.	5 00
Z., Mrs. S. J.	50 00

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Jan 1 to Feb. 1, 1877.

A. V. D. B. ..... clothing and shoes.
Baptist Church, Benton Centre, N. Y., Rev. T. S. Hill, pastor ..... bbl. clothing.
Baptist Sunday School, L. V. Rathbun, Supt., E. Pembroke, N. Y. . . box clothing and quilts.
Blunt, Lucy A., Andover, Mass. . . pkg. clothing.
Booth, Mrs. W. T. ..... box clothing.
Camp, Hugh N. ..... pkg. clothing.
Carroll, Wm. & Co. ..... lot of felt hats.
Chafee, Miss Pollie, Coventry Depot, Ct., bbl. clothing.
Clapp, Miss Emma, and Miss Sarah Couenhoven, Bergen, N. J., through Mrs. Fanny Chapman, lot clothing and shoes.
Clarke, Mrs. Geo B. ..... pkg. clothing.
Coughlin, Mrs. ..... pkg. clothing.
Couzens, Mrs. J., Dobb's Ferry. . . . box clothing.
Culra, Mrs. ..... pkg. clothing.
Demarel, Mrs., Brooklyn, ... bbl. clothing.
Davis, Mr. ..... shoes and hats.
Dickinson, Mrs. ..... pkg. and box clothing.
Dunbar, Mrs., S. J. ..... trunk of clothing.
Fales, Mrs., Brooklyn ..... pkg. clothing.
Fetterly, Mrs. James, Busti, N. Y. . . box clothing.
Four Little Friends, Tarrytown, N. Y., 5 new canton-flannel skirts, 2 flannel skirts, 5 prs. old shoes, 2 flannel dresses, books, toys, dolls, etc.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Friend ..... pkg. clothing.
Friend, Fort Washington, N. Y. ..... box clothing.
Friend, Clifton, N. J. ..... pkg. clothing.
Friends, Durham, N. Y. ..... pkg. clothing.
Gibson, Mrs. A. S., and sister, W. Camden, N. Y., box clothing and quilts.
Green Village, N. J. ..... bbl. clothing.
Grinnell, Mrs. G. B., and daughter, 21 new articles clothing.
H. and J. ..... pkg. clothing.
Haight, Mrs. ..... overcoat.
Hall, Elizabeth M., Cambridge, Mass., pkg. clothing and shoes.
Hamill, G. W. ..... pkg. shoes and clothing.
Heard, Mrs., Brooklyn ..... bbl. clothing.
Hoffman, Mrs. C. S. ..... pkg. clothing.
Howard, Mrs. ..... clothing and shoes.
Kay, James ..... pkg. clothing.
Keith, Miss ..... bbl. clothing.
Ladies in New Boston, N. H., through A. K. Lawrence ..... box clothing.
Lester, Andrew & Co., lot of cloth and 2½ bales cotton.
Lockwood, Mrs. Rev. T. Leroy, Hillsdale, Mich., box clothing.
Loomis, H. W., Mexico, N. Y. ..... pkg. clothing.
Louazon, P. ..... ½ bbl bread.
M., E. I., Brooklyn ..... pkg. clothing.
Mabie Mrs. Wm., Peekskill, N. Y., box clothing.
Merchants' Lunch ..... 2 bbls. bread.
Mitchell, Alfred ..... overcoat.
Oliver, Geo. W., Syracuse, N. Y. . . bbl. clothing.
Otis, Mrs. F. N. ..... pkg. clothing.
Otis, Elizabeth, Sherwood, N. Y. . . . bbl. clothing.
Paton, J. ..... pkg. S. S. papers.
Petrie, Miss Ann ..... 3 new aprons.
Phelps, Rev. Dr. C. E., New Brunswick, N. J., box clothing.
Philmont, N. Y. ..... bbl. clothing.
Quinsby, E. T., Hanover, N. H. ..... pkg. papers.
Ross, D., Leith, Canada, clothing, fur hats, caps, and mittens.
Stearns, Mary, N. Amherst, Mass., box clothing.
Stevens, Mrs. Lafayette, class of girls, Worthington, Mass. ..... pkg. clothing.
Townsend & Yale ..... 80 prs. new stockings.
Underwood, Rev. Mr., Irvington, N. J., 2 sacks clothing and shoes.
Woodville Sewing Society, through Mrs. John Hill, Madison, Ct., 11 shirts, 7 chemises, 1 pr. drawers, 21 dresses, 1 quilt, 2 skirts, 1 waist.
Zabriskie, Mrs. S. J. ..... pkg. shoes.
24 Clinton Place ..... 1 bbl. bread.
50 E. 25th Street ..... pkg. clothing.
51 Dominick Street ..... 2 pkgs. clothing.
59 W. 48th Street ..... pkg. clothing.
152 E. 28th Street ..... pkg clothing.
233 E. 18th Street ..... clothing and shoes.
287 Jay Street, Brooklyn ..... pkg. clothing.

CHICKERING

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These Standard Instruments

Which have been for more than Fifty Years before the Public,

Still maintain their high reputation, and the award of the *Highest Recompenses* from the most critical tribunals ever bestowed upon any Piano manufacturers, places them at the

HEAD OF ALL COMPETITION.

The leading Pianists of both Europe and America, including Dr. FRANZ LISZT, THALBERG, MOSCHELES, GOTTSCHALK, and others, have given the most flattering testimony of the

Superiority of the Chickering Pianos over all others

At the World's Fair in London, in 1851, they received *THE PRIZE MEDAL.*

At the Great International Exhibition in Paris, 1867, these Pianos were awarded a FIRST GOLD MEDAL, and the still higher recompense,

The IMPERIAL CROSS of the LEGION of HONOR.

As this was declared a superior award to the Gold Medal, and as CHICKERING & SONS were the only competing firm who received this *Supreme Testimonial*, we are justified in claiming a superiority over all other exhibitors.

Persons intending to purchase a Piano, are invited to send to us for an *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE*, (mailed free,) by which it will be seen that our Prices are as low as the Guarantee of First-class Materials and Workmanship will justify.

CHICKERING & SONS,

11 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

MISFIT CARPETS.

English Brussels, Three Ply and Ingrain, also, Stair Carpets, Velvet Rugs, Crumb Cloths, Oil Cloths, etc., very cheap at the Old Place

112 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Carpets carefully packed and sent to any part of the United States free of charge.

☞ **CALL OR SEND FOR PRICE LIST.** ☜

J. A. BENDALL.

CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY, BOSTON, MASS.

Exterior Measurement of Factory in Straight Line, 826 Feet.....Superficial Square Feet of Working Room, 224,370 Square Feet.